# Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XV. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 2, 1836. Whole No. 766.


*Theatre Royal, Portland.*

The theatre royal, Portland, is a handsome edifice, situated in Middle street, and was opened for the season on the 1st of December, 1835, by Mr. Simpson, late of the Chatham theatre, New York. The interior is fitted up in a neat and tasteful manner, and the stage is of sufficient dimensions to produce the most splendid pieces. The company is a good one, and the performances are conducted with much spirit. The theatre is open every evening, except Saturday.

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A LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Upon a rock that lifts its head
Above the mountain's boastful brood,
A warrior hunter of the dead
Hath set him down to rest,
And hearkened, for the well-known cry,
His hound should bear and mercy lend.

All day on hope the mountains lay,
While the dun eagle screamed
And every glimmering on their way
The wolves and panthers fled.
While o'er them a mourning sound
Of wonder-stricken forests went around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
The rush and hurry of the chase,
That whether in the mind of one,
Or in the world around,
Or in the realm of shadows, known
Was nothing true to warrior's soul.

He looked, and found the sunlight fled afar,
And all the mountain tops,
And all the gorges dim and dark,
And grew beneath his gaze
As if the dusky veil of night
Had gathered into wingless air.

Gross fear loomed on he looked, and flowers
Of the dim night did wander by,
And fountains sealed beneath the showers,
And streams that sang aloud,
He saw the glittering stream, he heard
The rushing of the springing flood.

And sounds—the dead—no hoofbeat dear,
And shapes—the dead—no more—
And there was one who many a year
Had been his mate in toil,
And strong girl, the queen's stallions,
Had been his pride and joy.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right down the hoary steep,
And seemed to look with human eye his name,
With sweet and soothing love,
The form he missed, in act to rise.

Then all was changed, and nothing down
Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the wolves and panthers brown,
As ancient, in his lair.
And all the mountain was the same—
The dawn and the close silence there.

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LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER V.

The population of the states of Algiers, and of all the Regency that are actually governed by Turkish rulers, has been estimated at three millions, including a small number of souls, exclusive of the Moorish and Arabian tribes, who live in a state of independence in the interior. Hazarden, Mount Atlas, and the kingdom of Algiers have been both a subject of interest to the learned, and a source of information to the busy world. The competence in the latter case, as it would seem that England, Spain and France have been contending for the honour of their respective consuls, and that each country has been giving the preference to its own. In the former case, the interest has been confined to the learned, and the information to the few

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# Saturday Evening Post.

APRIL 9, 1836.


## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have before us a number of new publications, lately received from Philadelphia and New York publishers.

From Carey, Lea & Blanchard we have received *Agnes De Mansfeldt*, a historical tale, by Thomas Colley Grattan, author of "Highways and Byways," and several other popular novels; and *The Elements*, by R. M. de, being a not for treatise on Astronomy, Grattan's new work as highly recommended by the leading English critics, and the few chapters we have been enabled to read, have left a very favorable impression, as to its style and power of the author. The treatise on the Heavens, is a deeply interesting production.

From Carey & Hart, we have the Novel Sketch *Book*, by the author of "Tales of a Tar," and *Random Recollections of the House of Commons*. The first is an admirable sketch of the incidents and adventures of a connected with our service, and is brought up to us to be delightfully interesting in a landsman; and the second is a well written sketch of all the leading members of the British House of Commons. From this book we make a short extract, exhibiting the degree of disorder which sometimes prevails in wellorganized legislative bodies.

*A Scene in the House of Commons.*—I shall allude to one more scene of the kind, but equally towards the close of last session. An Hon. Member, whose name I cannot recollect, now amidst the most tremendous uproar to address the House. He spoke, and was received as nearly as the noise would allow him to judge as follows:—"I rise sir,—(musical clarets, mingled with the sound of prolonged bellowing, as if for the purpose of stating that I have—) oh! oh! Ha! And sounds resembling a bleating of sheep, mingled with loud laughter.) Hon. Gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unanimity in interruptions, but I have a duty to perform to my constituents, sir, and, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning, extended to an incredible length, followed by bursts of laughter.) I say, Sir, that I am conscious who on this occasion so exhibit that I—(cries of 'shame' and groans, and shouts of laughter.) I say, sir, that on a question of such importance—(Hooting, and laughter, followed by cries of 'Order! order' from the Speaker.) I tell Hon. Gentlemen, who are so disorderly, that I am in order to say, that I am not to be put down by—groans, coughs, sneezing, hems, and whatever animal sounds, a crew of which nearly surround the subject of a dog, and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter.) I repeat (one cock-a-doodle-doo!) The sensation in the case, of the crowing of a cock, was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly of Members in the House could preserve their gravity. The Speaker which bellowed down the Speaker's cries of "order, order."

"I say, Sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself dom'l (I beg your pardon, and burst of laughter.) I say I only have Hon. Gentlemen, who should be more sober and orderly in their conduct, to thank for the interruption of the Chair. (The Speaker here again rose and called for 'order, order,' in a loud and angry tone, in which he appeared to assume concern and anger.) If Honorable Gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but I am not to be put down." (The cock crowing, and tremendous cheering in chorus.) I only beg to say, Sir, that I think from the noise, and the sound of universal nonsense and will therefore vote against the Hon. Gentleman's motion.

The above will be sufficient to convey an idea of the whole disdoning applause.

The Papers have sent us *Rosemond*, with other stories, by Maria Edgeworth, and *The Club Book*, being original tales, by a number of the New England writers, in promising which no readers writer has been more successful than Maria Edgeworth. The stories are interesting in ch ld and not less so to grown

Henry D. Maher, of Cecil county, Maryland, to Miss Frances Dowerty, of the same place.

On Thursday evening, 31st ult. by Alderman Peter Christian, Edan G. B. gs to Hannah Horn.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Joseph Bonner, M. D. of Columbia, Tennessee, to *Miss Jane* Hart, late of Ireland.

On Thursday, the 24th ult. by John Smith, Esq. Mayor, Mr. Richard Lee, to Miss Ann Eliza Lee, daughter of William Roberts, near Moorestown, Burlington county, N. J.

At the same time, by the same, Mr. Newton A. Cooper, of Moorestown, Burlington county, to Miss Ann, daughter of the late Samuel Brick, of the same place.

On the 30th ult. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. Moses Lawrence, to Mrs. Marcia Puff.

By Elder Frederick Plummer, on the 20th ult. Mr. John Hendrickson, to Miss Mary Ann Hall.

By Elder Frederick Plummer, on the 24th ult. Mr. Samuel Hodges, to Miss Mary Ann Hall.

By Elder Frederick Plummer, on the 26th ult. Mr. William Lessig, to Miss Mary Mickle.

On Tuesday evening, 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Dewitt, Mr. Samuel L. Warner, of Pennsylvania, to Miss Margaret Ellen Hamilton, daughter of the late Gen. Alexander Hamilton, of the city of New York.

On Thursday evening, the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Marks, Wolsey Wertz, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Gettysburg, to Miss Ann Maria Hoffman, of Lower Alsace.

On Friday morning, on the 26th year of her age, Margaret Alvina.

On Saturday morning, the 26th ult. Susan V. Chancellor, daughter of Chas Chancery, Esq.

On Sunday evening, of consumption of the lungs, William Hodge, in the 26th year of his age.

On the evening of the 25th ult. Charles H. Evans, in the 27th year of his age.

On the morning of the 27th ult. Mary, wife of Daniel Mc Closkey, in the 35th year of her age.

On the morning of the 28th ult. of consumption, Mary W. Rowell, in the 25th year of her age.

On Saturday afternoon, 19th ult. Catharine, daughter of John and Elizabeth M. Lewis, aged 2 months.

On Monday morning, the 28th ult. Miss Elizabeth Ann Cooper, of Kensington, in the 23d year of her age.

On Tuesday, 29th ult. Geo. B. M'Cully, infant son of John M'Cully.

On Friday morning, 25th ult. of consumption of the lungs, Henry K. Harrison, in the 35th year of his age.

On Monday night, 28th ult. Joseph Beveridge, aged 70 years.

In Kensington, on the morning of the 29th ult. after a short illness, Mary, wife of Daniel Merkey, in the 40th year of her age.

On Monday evening, March 28th, Thomas Fassitt, aged 70 years.

On the 29th ult. after a short illness, Dr. Charles Colpitt, in the 40th year of his age.

On the 25th ult. after a short and painful illness, Adeline, daughter of Mr. Wm. Mc Mullin, of Penn Township.

On the 30th ult. at Swanwick, Georgia, at the residence of Mr. Aaron Farrow, relict of the late Jacob Farrow, aged 70 years.

On Saturday morning, 26th ult. after a severe illness, William Jones, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. Mr. Joseph Lewis, in the 70th year of his age.

On Friday morning, the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Marks, Mr. Jacob Wertz, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Gettysburg, to Miss Ann Maria Hoffman, of Lower Alsace.

On Thursday, 17th ult. by the Rev. E. Woodworth, Mr. Adam Rusk, to Miss Martha Ann Hollingsworth.

At Canton, N. Y. on the 1st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Mc Lean, Mr. James B. Lewis, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary H. Bronsi, of the former place.

On Thursday evening, 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dwight, Mr. Henry N. Tyler, of Westerlo, to Miss Harriet A. Burlingam, of Burlington, Vt.

## DEATHS.

Suddenly, on Thursday evening, 24th ult. John Mc Intire, Esq. aged about 80 years.

On the 29th ult. Mary Ann, daughter of Charles and Susanna Fite, in the 12th year of her age.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of George W. Fitzsimons, late of the city of New York.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Wm. M'Mullin, Esq. of Burlington, N. J. Farmer in the U. S. Navy, aged 36 years.

On the 19th ult. in Savannah

**Philadelphia Prices Current.**

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Rote, T. Rich Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1836.

ASHES.
Pots ..... 6 50
Pearls ..... 6 50

BUTTER
Pa. ..... 17 18
Ohio ..... 17 18
Eng. French &c. ..... 20
Mar. & Mississ. ..... 20

MACKEREL
No. 1&2 ..... 18 25 18 50
Shad ..... 9 50 9 75

OIL
Linseed, Am. from ..... 1 11 1 12
Do. Dutch ..... 1 17 1 18
Sperm ..... 1 32
Sperm winter ..... 1 40
Lard, winter ..... 90 95

PLASTER PARIS.
In Dwt. ..... 4
In Schr. ..... 4

PROVISIONS.
Beef, Prime ..... 6 00
Cargo, assorted ..... 11 00
Pork, mess ..... 17 00
Do. prime ..... 13 00
Hams ..... 11
Shoulders ..... 7
Lard ..... 9

RICE and MEAL.
Rice, Carolina ..... 4 00 5 00
Do. ..... 4 62 4 75
Meal, Penn. ..... 4 37 4 50
Do. Balt. ..... 4 37 4 50
Corn Meal ..... 2 50
Do. in Hhds 1/2 50

GRAIN
Rye ..... 72
Corn, Southern ..... 77
Do. Yellow ..... 83
Do. North bank ..... 85
Oats ..... 45
Do. ..... 46
Do. Canada ..... 50
Do. Penn. ..... 48
Barley ..... 1 00
Beans ..... 1 00
Peas, Marrowfat ..... 1 25
Do. Canada ..... 1 00

SEEDS
Clover, Penn. ..... 6 00
Do. Ohio ..... 6 00
Timothy ..... 2 50
Flaxseed ..... 1 50
Orchard Grass ..... 1 50
Red Top ..... 1 50

WHISKEY
Hhds. ..... 27
Barrels ..... 27 1/2
Drudge ..... 27

WOOL
Saxony Fleece ..... 50 55
Merino, full blood ..... 45 50
Do. ½ blood ..... 37 40
Do. ¼ blood ..... 30 32
Do. common ..... 25 28
Pulled, Lambs ..... 40 45
Do. Spinning ..... 30 35
Do. Country ..... 25 30
Do. Mixed ..... 25 30
Do. Foreign ..... 25 30

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1836.

Sugar-house ..... 41 43
Do. N. York ..... 43 50
Do. Refined ..... 48 50
Molasses ..... 30
Treacle ..... 40 43
Coffee, Rio ..... 10 11
Java ..... 12 13
Teas, Hyson ..... 50 60
Young Hyson ..... 45 50
Imperial ..... 60 70
Gunpowder ..... 60 70
Hyson Skin ..... 30 35
Souchong ..... 30 35
Pimento ..... 8 9
Cassia ..... 20 22
Ginger, Race ..... 12 13
Do. Ground ..... 14 15
Pepper, black ..... 12 13
Do. white ..... 18 20
Nutmegs ..... 75 80
Cloves ..... 20 22
Indigo, Guatimala ..... 1 00 1 10
Do. Manilla ..... 1 00 1 10
Madder ..... 10 11
Logwood ..... 1 50 1 75
Fustic ..... 2 00 2 25
Nicaragua ..... 2 00 2 25
Camwood ..... 2 00 2 25
Alum ..... 2 50 2 75
Copperas ..... 1 50 1 75
Brimstone ..... 3 00 3 25
Saltpetre ..... 8 00 8 50
Cotton, Upland ..... 10 12
Do. Alabama ..... 11 13
Do. Mississippi ..... 11 13
Do. Louisiana ..... 11 13
Do. Florida ..... 12 14
Do. Mobile ..... 12 14
Do. New Orleans ..... 12 14
Do. Texas ..... 12 14
Flour, Howard-st. ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Susquehanna ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Penn. ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Ohio ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Balt. ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Alexandria ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Fredericksburg ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Petersburg ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Richmond ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Georgetown ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. City Mills ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Brandywine ..... 5 62 1/2
Do. Rye ..... 4 25
Do. Corn Meal ..... 3 50
Do. Susquehanna ..... 3 50
Do. Penn. ..... 3 50
Do. Ohio ..... 3 50
Do. Balt. ..... 3 50
Do. Alexandria ..... 3 50
Do. Fredericksburg ..... 3 50
Do. Petersburg ..... 3 50
Do. Richmond ..... 3 50
Do. Georgetown ..... 3 50
Do. City Mills ..... 3 50
Do. Brandywine ..... 3 50

Saving Fund Society.—The No thern Liberties and Penn Township Saving Fund Society, opposite the Mansion House, at the corner of Noble and Second streets, will be open for the reception of deposits, on Monday next, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 2 P. M.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PRICE 6¼ CTS.

Saturday, April 2, 1836.

**PRICES OF STOCKS**

Saturday Evening Fee.

D. 2 y South 3d Street.

2 20th, 1836.

| | | | | | | | | Amounts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ex. | 1/2 | 1/4 | Ex. | 1/2 | 1/4 | | | |
| 100 | 100 | 100 | 104 | | | | | |
| 100 | 102 | 102 | 103 | | | | | |
| 100 | 103 | 103 | 104 | | | | | |
| 100 | 104 | 104 | 104 | | | | | |
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| 100 | 106 | 106 | 106 | | | | | |
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# THE OLIO

*Variety's the spice of Life,*
*That gives it all its flavour.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

## DICK HARTSHORN.

Dick Hartshorn was a merry blade,
Who oft got half-seas-over,
And when quite blue he frequent pray'd
As fervent as a lover.

One night he totter'd home quite late,
And when he open'd the door,
His head was in so sad a state,
He fell upon the floor.

His better-half who long before
Had slept upon her pillow,
Awaking at the sad uproar,
That Dick now made below.

Arose to greet him with a frown,
But turn'd upon the stairs,
When she beheld him kneeling down,
And breathing forth his prayers.

And thinking that a little fright,
Perhaps might do him good,
She clothed herself all o'er in white,
And soon before him stood.

Then after Dick full oft had tried,
But tried in vain to rise,
Back to her bed in haste she hied,
Where sleep soon closed her eyes.

But Dick all trembling o'er with fear,
Was all night on the floor,
And though he lived full many a year,
He ne'er drank liquor more.

Yet oft he'd tell how he had seen,
A ghost at dead midnight,
That well he now must sure have been,
Some good eight feet in height.

## KISSING.

And if it were not lawful
The lawyers would not use it;
And if 'twere not pious
The clergy would not choose it;
And if 'twere not a dainty thing,
The ladies would not crave it,
And if't were not plentiful,
The *poor* girls could not have it.

'Have you heard the news, Aunt Dolly? said a ragged urchin, running into the house. 'No, deary.'—'Well I'll tell you, aunty.' 'What is it my little man?' You know our Frank run away and went to sea?' 'Yes.' 'Well, the French, it is said, are going to pay us 25,000,000 *of Franks*, and I guess, aunty, our Frank will be among them.'

An ill-looking fellow being asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. 'Nature was not to blame,' said he, 'for when I was two months old, I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse, the slut, one day swapped me away for another boy just to please a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain looking."

THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

A DARK ONE.—"O, father! I've just seen the blackest nigger that ever was!" said a little boy one day, as he came running into the house. "How black was he, my son?" "O, he was as black as—black can be; why, father, charcoal would make a *white* mark on him!"—*Norfolk Adv.*

THE AILING BACHELOR.—An ailing old bachelor is a walking apothecary's shop—a living system of nosology. He is a firm believer in the virtues of physic, and studies Buchan more devoutly than his bible. He is a kind of walking ague—shivering at every blast; and spending his whole time either in curing present ailments or in conjuring up new ones for the future. Groan, groan, groan, from morning till night. The man is never well, because, by a singular paradox, he is never ill. He takes, indeed, far too much care of himself to suffer real pain; but his imaginary ones are a formidable and fearful host.—*Old Bachelors.*

"There is often an initial difficulty in the way of courting, which is not easily got over in all cases—that is, in breaking the ice, as it is called. This is more particularly incident to those who do not go to work *secundem artem*. There is a good practice, regarding this matter, among the Savoyard peasantry. When a young man is first admitted to spend the evening at the house of a maid to whom he wishes to pay his addresses, he watches the arrangement of the fireplace, where several billets of wood are blazing. If the fair one lift up one of the billets and place it upright against the side of the fireplace, it is a sign she does not approve of her suitor. If she leaves the blazing wood undisturbed, the young man may be sure of her consent."

*Terrible recontre and Death.*—A colored man living in Liberty Valley, Perry county, Pa. met with an untimely and fearful death one day last week. Our informant states that he had been employed during the day by some of his neighbors, butchering, and was returning home in the evening, as it is presumed, with a portion of the day's spoils, given by his employers, which attracted a gang of wolves that infested his path. They attacked the poor fellow and literally tore him into piecemeals. His remains were found the next day, surrounded by some of the evidences of the desperation with which he ended his life. The only weapon to defend himself with was an ordinary knife he had been using at his work, and there lay round his mutilated body five of these ferocious animals, gashed in every imaginable manner.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—A sovereign is about 959 inch thick, so that a thousand measure 59 inches. Hence, our debt of £800,000,000, would form a cylinder of sovereigns, if laid one on the other, of nearly 745 miles in length. But if instead of being laid on the edges, they were laid flat on the ground, and touching, they would form a line of nearly 11,948 miles, or would reach far towards half way round the globe.—Again: since one thousand sovereigns weigh 16,5587 pounds avoirdupois, or 23,051 weigh 384 lbs., the whole debt is 5,915½ tons, which allowing two tons to a wagon load, would require 2,275 wagons to carry it, and if they contained four horses each, and occupied severally about sixteen yards in length, this line of loaded treasure would extend to twenty-seven miles.—*London Paper.*

BAR-BARIAN WIT.—The bar is noted for its wit; but it is not always that the best things are said *before* the bar. A poor fellow, in his examination the other day, was asked if he had not been in that court before, and what for? (He had been up for body stealing.) "It was for nothing at all," said the humorist, "only rescuing a fellow cretur from the grave."—*London paper.*

An auctioneer was busy in crying some goods from his stand, as a drunken wag passed by—"I say, mister, may I bid what I please?" said the latter. "Certainly," replied the salesman. "Then," rejoined the other, "I bid you a very good morning."

A MAN WITH HORNS.—Dr. Pocnock, of Darlington, Eng. has been publishing what he terms 'practical hints on the treatment of several diseases,' in which is found the following relation: 'A shoemaker, about 50, applied to me for relief from a complaint which he called horns—which were excrescences, very nearly resembling cockspurs, adhering to the skin in all the muscular parts. They were all erect and completely embedded in the skin by the broadest end; the base had a fleshy, cartilaginous feel, which ran up to a sharp bony point, resembling nothing so closely as the spur of a cock. They were mostly an inch in length, and some of them exceeded it.'—*Boston Med. Jour.*

## BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A RIFLEMAN.—A daring Tennesseean, with a blanket tied round him, and a hat with a brim of enormous breadth, who seemed to be fighting "on his own hook," disdaining to raise his rifle over the bank of earth, and fire in safety to his person, like his more wary fellow soldiers, chose to spring, every time he fired, upon the breast-work, where, balancing himself, he would bring his rifle to his cheek, throw back his broad brim, take sight and fire, while the enemy were advancing to the attack, as deliberately as though shooting at a herd of deer; then leaping down on the inner side, he would reload, mount the works, cock his beaver, take aim, and crack again. "This he did," said an English officer, who was taken prisoner by him, and who laughingly related it as a good anecdote to captain D* * *, my informant above alluded to,—"five times in rapid succession, as I advanced at the head of my company; and though the grape whistled through the air over our heads, for the life of me I could not help smiling at his grotesque demi-savage, demi-quaker figure, as he threw back the broad flap of his castor to obtain a fair sight—deliberately raised his rifle—shut his left eye, and blazed away at us, I verily believe he brought one of my men at every shot."

As the British resolutely advanced, though columns fell like the tall grain before the sickle at the fire of the Americans, this same officer approached at the head of his brave grenadiers, amid the rolling fire of musketry from the lines of his unseen foes, undaunted and untouched." "Advance, my men!" he shouted as he reached the edge of the *fosse*—"follow me!" and, sword in hand, he leaped the ditch, and turning, amidst the roar and flame of a hundred muskets, to encourage his men, beheld to his surprise but a single one of his company upon his feet—more than fifty fellows, whom he had led so gallantly on to the [illegible] had been shot down. As he was about to leap [illegible] his dangerous situation, his sword was [illegible] grasp by a rifle ball, and at the same [illegible] Tennessean sprang upon the parapet [illegible] deadly weapon at his breast, calmly [illegible] surrender, stranger, or I may perforate [illegible]" and the officer, at the close of his [illegible] compelled to deliver to the bold fellow [illegible] and pass over into the American [illegible] Yankee.

## HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL, FOR 1836.

### The Proud Spinster.

Our next and final extract must be made from one of the "Sketches on the Road." The principal figure is a proud spinster, all pedigree, and poverty, and anti-pedestrianism; indeed, it is told of her, that she had declared "speaking of certain humble obsequies, that she would rather live for ever than have a walking funeral!" Fancy the dilemma of such a lady, on occasion of her one horse choosing to expire, whilst in the act of ministering to her "air and exercise!"

"A recent American author has described as an essential attribute of high birth and breeding in England, a certain sort of quakerly composure, in all possible sudden emergencies, such as an alarm of the house on fire, or a man falling into a fit by one's side;—in fact the same kind of self-command which Pope praises in a lady who is 'mistress of herself, though China fall.' In this particular Miss Norman's conduct justified her pretensions. She was mistress of herself, though her horse fell. She did not start—exclaim—put her head out of the window, or even let down the front glass; she only adjusted herself more exactly in the middle of the seat, drew herself bolt upright, and fixed her eyes on the back of the coach-box. In this posture Humphrey found her.

"'If you please, Ma'am, Planty-ginit be dead.' The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

"'I've took off the collar, and the bitt out, and got un out o' harness entirely; but he be as unanimate as his own shoes;' and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach door, to go and finish the laying out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

"'Humphrey!'

"'What's your pleasure, Ma'am?'

"'Remember, another time—'

"'Yes, Ma'am.'

"'When a horse of mine is deceased—'

"'Yes, Ma'am.'

"'Touch your hat.'"

A respectable gig-man (to borrow a word from Mr Carlyle) offers to extricate her from her present difficulties; but she listens to him in haughty silence—a stage coach risks the loss of its time to succour her: but she refuses to condescend its publicity—Pride, however, goeth before a fall.

"The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop: and we were left once more to our own resources. By way of passing the time, I thrice repeated my offers to the obdurate old maiden, and endured as many rebuffs. I was contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage-window, and Humphrey, hat in hand, opened the door.

"'Procure me a post chaise.'

"'A po-shay!' echoed Humphrey but, like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original—'Lord help ye, Ma'am, there bean't such a thing to be had ten miles round—no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there bean't coach, cart, nor dog-barrow, but what be gone to it!'

"'No matter,' said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation. 'I revoke my order; for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer.—And Humphrey—'

"'Yes, Ma'am.'

"'Another time—'

"'Yes, Ma'am.'

"'Remember once for all—'

"'Yes, Ma'am.'

"'I do not choose to be blest, or the Lord to help me.'

"Another pause in our proceedings, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been blackberrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage. Miss Norman had now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low life faces staring at her with all their might. Neither could she help hearing some such shocking ill-bred remarks as, 'Vy don't the frizzled vigged old Guy get into the gemman's drag?' Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She seemed to draw a sort of supplementary neck out of her bosom, and sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favouring the circle, like a mad bull at bay, with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words:

"'I CHOOSE to be alone.'

"It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain: and in reply to each conge, only proved by a general grin how very much teeth are set off to advantage by purple mouths."

We must skip over a few more expedients proposed and rejected, to close our notice with the close of this melancholy history:—

"Hope revived at the sound of wheels, and up came a tax cart, carrying four insides, namely, two well-grown porkers, Master Bardell, the pig-butcher, and his foreman, Samuel Slark, or, as he was more commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They were both a trifle 'the worse for liquor,' if such a phrase might honestly be applied to men who were only a little more courageous, more generous, and civil and obliging to the fair sex, than their wont when perfectly sober. The Sticker, especially—in his most temperate moments a perfect sky-blue-bodied, red-faced, bowing and smirking pattern of politeness to females, was now, under the influence of good ale, a very Sir Calidore, ready to comfort and succour distressed damsels, to fight for them, live or die for them, with as much of the chivalrous spirit as remains in our times.—They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady's dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

"'Mayhap you warn't half purlite or pressing enough,' observed Sam, with a side wink at his master. 'It an't a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange gemman's gig. It wants warmth-like, and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persuader, and I'll have her up in our cart—my master's that is to say—afore you can see whether she has feet or hoofs.'

"In a moment the speaker was at the carriage-door, stroking down his sleek forelocks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over. She would be perfectly safe, he told her, sitting up between him and his master, and quite pleasant, for the pigs would keep themselves to themselves at the back of the cart, and as for the horse, he was nothing but a good one, equal to twelve miles an hour—which much more to the same purpose. It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers and she did not say it. She merely turned her head away from the man, to be addressed by the master, at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air. 'A taxed cart, Madam,' he said, 'mayn't be exactly the vehicle accustomed to, and so forth; but thereby, concerning respective ranks of life, why, the more honour done to your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful likewise the distancing the two hogs. Whereby, everything considered, namely, necessity and so forth, I will make so bold as hope, Madam, excuse more pressing, and the like, and dropping ceremony for the time being, you will embrace us at once, as you shall be most heartily welcome to, and be considered, by our humbles, as a favour besides.'

"The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell's behaviour. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesman would have called 'an advantageous opening,' for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and as junior counsel followed on the same side. But he took nothing by the motion. The lady was inviolable, or, as the discomfited pair mutually agreed, 'as hard for to be convinced into a cart, as anything on four legs.' The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and on Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favoured me afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. It was a man's duty, he said, to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old: it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex. As for himself, purtecting females was his nature, and he should never lie easy agin, if so be he left the lady on the road: and providing a female wouldn't be purtected with her own free will, she ought to be forced to, like any other live beast unsensible of its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up. They knowed Miss Norman, name and fame, and was both well-known respectable men in their lines, and I might ax about for their characters.—Whereby, supposing I approved, they'd have her, tight and tight, in their cart, afore she felt herself respectfully off her legs.

"Such were the arguments and the plan of the bull-headed pair. I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment.—The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not, but Pride gave away to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits! We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pond near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sate, in the cart, right and tight, between the two butchers, instead of the two Salvages, or Griffins, or whatever they were, her hereditary supporters. They were already on the move. I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed, but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into Waterford. Unfortunately her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, struggling in the bright blue, and somewhat greasy, arms of Sam the Sticker, screaming in concert with the two swine, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well, by sight, as her own carriage!"

### Specimens of a Modern Dictionary.

*For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.*

'A noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than he changes his dress!'—*The Tatler.*

*Absurdity.*—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

*Accomplishments.*—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

*Advice.*—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

*Ambiguity.*—A quality deemed essentially necessary in diplomatic writings, acts of parliament, and law proceedings.

*Antiquity.*—The youth, nonage, and inexperience of the world, invested, by a strange blunder, with the reverence due to the present times, which are its true old age. Antiquity is the young miscreant who massacred prisoners taken in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burnt them in Smithfield as heretics or witches, believed in astrology, demonology, witchcraft, and every exploded folly and enormity, although his example be still gravely urged as a rule of conduct, and a standing argument against any improvement upon the "wisdom of our ancestors."

*Ape.*—The author of the fall of man according to Dr. Adam Clarke, who informs us that the tempter of our first parents was an orang-outang, not a serpent.

*Appetite.*—A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich although they may eat what they like.

*Argument.*—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men of sense, a sound reason.

*Bait.*—One animal impaled upon a hook, in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

*Bar. The independence of the*—Like a ghost, a thing much talked of and seldom seen.

*Barrister.*—One who sometimes makes his gown a cloak for brow-beating and putting down a witness, who but for this protection might occasionally knock down the barrister.

*Bed.*—An article in which we are born and pass the happiest portion of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

*Beer, Small.*—See Water.

*Bishop.*—The only thing that gains by a translation.

*Blushing.*—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

*Book.*—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

*Box, Opera.*—A small enclosure wherein the upper classes assemble twice a week for the pleasure of hearing one another, and seeing the music.

*Brain.*—An autographical substance, which, according to the phrenologists, writes his own character upon the exterior skull in legible bumps and bosses.

*Breath.*—Air received into the lungs for the purposes of smoking, whistling, &c.

*Bumper-toasts.*—See Drunkenness, Ill-health, and Vice.

*Cabbage.*—See Tailor.

*Calf.*—The young John Bull.

*Cant.*—The characteristic of Modern England.

*Capers.*—A remedy for boiled mutton, and low spirits.

*Carbuncle.*—A fiery globule found in the bottom of mines and the face of drunkards.

*Chicane.*—See Law.

*Cider.*—See Champaigne, American.

*Coffin.*—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

*Cottage.*—Supposed to be the abode of happiness by all except those who live in it.

*Dandy.*—A fool who is vain of being the lay-figure of some fashionable tailor, and thinks the wealth of his wardrobe will conceal the poverty of his ideas; though, like his long-eared brother in the lion's skin, he is betrayed as soon as he opens his mouth.

*Debates.*—An useless wagging of tongues where the noses have been already counted.

*Dice.*—Playthings which the devil sets in motion when he wants a new supply of knaves, beggars, and suicides.

*Ditch.*—A place in which those who have taken too much wine are apt to take a little water.

*Duty.*—Financially, a tax which we pay to the public excise and customs; morally, that which we are very apt to excise in our private customs.

*Echo.*—The shadow of sound.

*Edition third or fourth.*—See the title page of the first.

*Egotism.*—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

*Elbow.*—That part of the body which it is most dangerous to shake.

*Enthusiasm.*—Spiritual intoxication.

*Envy.*—The way in which we punish ourselves for being inferior to others.

*Epicure.*—One who lives to eat instead of eating to live.

*Etymology.*—Sending vagrant words back to their own parish.

*Extempore.*—A premeditated impromptu.

*Fables, Æsop's.*—Giving human intellects to brutes, in imitation of nature, who sometimes gives brutes intellects to men.

*Face.*—The silent echo of the heart.

*Faction.*—Any party out of power.

*Fashion.*—The voluntary slavery which leads us to think, act, and dress according to the judgment of fools and the caprice of coxcombs.

*Felicity.*—The horizon of the heart, which is always receding as we advance towards it.

*Fishery.*—The agriculture of the sea.

*Fool.*—What a fop sees in the looking-glass.

*Foxhunting.*—Tossing up for lives with a fox.

*Friend, real.*—One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity. See Black Swan.

*Frown.*—Writing the confession of a bad passion with an eyebrow.

*Gaming.*—See Beggar and Suicide.

*Gastronomy.*—The religion of those who make a God of their bellies.

*Glory.*—Sharing with plague, pestilence, and famine, the honour of destroying your species; and participating with Alexander's horse the pleasure of transmitting your name to posterity.

*Gold.*—Dead earth, for which many men sacrifice life, and lose heaven.

*Goosequill.*—A little tube which, in the hands of modern dramatists, seems to have the power of reproducing its parental hisses.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

## JOHNNY BEEDLE'S THANKSGIVING.

"I say," says I, "Hannah, spozen we keep thanksgivin' to home this year," says I, "and invite all our hull grist o' cousins and aunts and things—go the hull figure and do the thing genteel!"

"Well, agreed," says she, "its just what I was a thinkin,' only I conceit, we'd better not cackleate too fur ahead, for I didn't never know it to miss of somethin' happenin' so sure as I laid out for the leastest thing. Though it's as good a time now, for 'n know, as any—for I've just weaned Moses, and 'tend to take comfort a spell, 'cause a troublesomer and cryiner critter niver come into life."

"Exactly so," says I, "and if I'd a known every thing afore I was married that I do now"—says I—

"Hold your tongue for a goney, Johnny Beedle," says she "and mind your thanksgivin'."

"Pish," says I, "Hannah don't be miffy; I was only jeestin'—and you just go put on a kittle o' water, and I'll go out and stick a pig for you; two if you like"—so away I went, and murdered the pigs out o' love and good will to Hannah. I rather guess the critters wished I warnt so good natured.

Well—things went on swimmingly, and what was best of all, we had the luck to invite the minister and deacon before any body else got a chance; for the very day the proklimation was read, I watched for 'em comin' out o' meetin, and nailed 'em both. But as I was a tellin,' Hannah she went at it—she got some of her gals to help her, and they made all smoke. In the first place, she went to work reglar, and turned the house inside out, and then tother side to again, all the same as darnin' a stockin'. Hannah is a smart willin' gal—and a real worker—and a prime cook into the bargain; let her alone in the doughnut line, and for pumpkin pies—lick!

So the day afore the thanksgivin' she called me into the tother room that marm Peabody christened the parlour, to see what a lot o' pies and cakes and sausagement and dough-nuts, she'd got made up, and charged me not to lay the weight of my finger upon one on 'em. I tell'd her I guess'd she cackelated to call in the whole parish, paupers and all, to eat up sich a sight of vittles; so I grabbed a handful of doughnuts and went out to feed the hogs and see to things in the field. I was gone all the fore part o' the day, and when I went home, I found Hannah all hoity toity in [illegible]

[illegible]

## THE SILK CULTURIST.

### SILK MANUAL

### CULTURE OF SILK.

[illegible]


## MARSHALL'S CONCENTRATED COMPOUND Syrup of Sarsaparilla.

[illegible]

## CAUTION.

[illegible]

## Waldie's Library.

[illegible]

## AUCTION & COMMISSION HOUSE, By Wm. Montgomery, CHICAGO—ILLINOIS.

## BROWN & WEST

[illegible]

## A Card to Tailors.

[illegible]

## Fashions for Tailors,

[illegible]

## Schuylkill Ice.

[illegible]

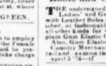
## Philadelphia Lock Dispensary.

[illegible]

## Circular.

[illegible]

## PATENT GUM ELASTIC Boots and Shoes.



[illegible]

## PLATINA POINTS.

[illegible]

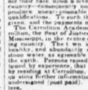
## STAMMERING CURED.

[illegible]

## James E. Brooks,

[illegible]

## Removal.—E. P. Lescure,



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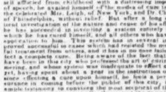
## Patent Double Focus SPECTACLE GLASSES.



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## ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

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## HEYL'S EMBROCATION FOR HORSES.

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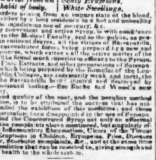
## Philadelphia SUSPENDER & STOCK MANUFACTORY,



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## To the Nervous.

[illegible]

## Sargent Davis, No. 322 Race Street,

[illegible]

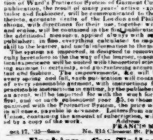
## Western & Southern Merchants

[illegible]

## Jacob Scneuff

[illegible]

## Silver Plate, Spoon and Fork MANUFACTORY.



[illegible]

## NO. 37 NORTH EIGHTH ST.

## Dr. HUET'S Medical House.

[illegible]

## Edward Vanderslice, DENTIST,

[illegible]

## Trades and Professions.

[illegible]

## R. S. Gilbert,

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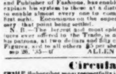
## Coal Grates and Fenders,



[illegible]

## To the Afflicted.

[illegible]

## The Largest Looking Glass MANUFACTORY IN PHILADELPHIA.

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